

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME



Do they think of me at home,
Do they ever think of me?
I, who shared their every grief,
I, who mingled in their glee.
Have their hearts grown old and strange,
To the one now doomed to roam?
I would give the world to know—
Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of me at eve,
Of the songs I used to sing?
Is the harp I struck untouched,
Does a stranger wake the string?
Will no kind, forgiving word
Come across the raging foam?
Shall I never cease to sigh!
Do they think of me at home?

Do they think of how I loved,
In my happy, early days?
Do they think of him who came,
But could not win their praise?
I am happy by his side,
And from mine he'll never roam;
But my heart will sadly ask,
Do they think of me at home?

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